

# The Alleghenian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
J. TODD HUFFMAN, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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NUMBER 3.

## DIRECTORY.

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**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. S. T. SPOW, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath, alternately at 10 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

**Wesleyan**—Rev. L. B. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, except the first week in each month.

**Catholic**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Pacifist**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock and at 4 o'clock in the evening.

**EDENSBURG MAILS.**

**MAILS ARRIVE.**

Eastern, daily, at 10 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 9 o'clock, P. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**

Eastern, daily, at 11 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Edensburg on Friday of each week, at 8 A. M.

The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Leave Edensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CRENSHAW STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	8.51 A. M.
" " " " " "	9.15 P. M.
East—Express Train " " " "	7.42 P. M.
" " " " " "	12.17 P. M.
" " " " " "	6.59 A. M.

  

WILMORE STATION.	
West—Express Train leaves at	9.13 A. M.
" " " " " "	9.18 P. M.
East—Express Train " " " "	8.09 P. M.
" " " " " "	7.20 P. M.
" " " " " "	11.55 P. M.
" " " " " "	6.23 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

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**Prothonotary**—Joseph M. Donald.

**Register and Recorder**—Edward F. Lytle.

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**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

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**Poor House Treasurer**—George C. K. Zahn.

**Poor House Steward**—James J. Kaylor.

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**Auditors**—John F. Stull, Thomas J. Nelson, Edward R. Donagan.

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**Coroner**—James S. Todd.

**Sup't. of Common Schools**—Wm. A. Scott.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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**EAST WARD.**

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**Judge of Election**—Thomas J. Davis.

**Assessor**—Thomas P. Davis.

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**Inspectors**—J. D. Thomas, Robert Evans.

**Judge of Election**—John Lloy.

**Assessor**—Richard T. Davis.

## Select Poetry.

### After All.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,  
The work of the reaper is done,  
And the golden woodlands sudden  
In the bloom of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire  
Sits pale in his easy chair,  
While the gentle wind of twilight  
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,  
A fair young head is prest,  
In the first wild passion of sorrow,  
Against his aged breast.

And far off over the distance  
The faltering echoes come  
Of the flying blast of trumpet,  
And the rattling roll of drum.

The grandsire speaks in a whisper—  
"The end no man can see;  
But we give him to his country,  
And we give our prayers to thee!"

The violets star the meadows,  
The rosebuds fringe the door,  
And over the grassy orchard  
The pink-white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,  
The cottage is dark and still:  
There's a nameless grave on the battle-field,  
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman  
By the cold hearth sits alone;  
And the old clock in the corner  
Ticks on with a steady drone.

### Letter from the 133d Regiment.

CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD.,  
October 8, 1862.

Correspondence of The Alleghenian.

Two months ago, on the eve of departure from home to take part in a desperate struggle for a nation's existence, I gave you a promise that I would, from time to time, through your columns, post the "friends at home" in regard to our movements. At that time, none of us had the least idea that help was so sorely needed that, within two short weeks from the time we were sworn into the service of the U. S., we would be encamped on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, and form part and parcel of the "Grand Army of the Potomac." Yet such was the case; and while we all felt the need of that state of discipline which only time and determined perseverance on the part of both officers and privates can produce, we all had enough confidence in "the powers that be" to believe that the necessity was very pressing, and accordingly cheerfully acquiesced.

Since we arrived in Virginia, our movements have been so frequent that I have, until now, been unable to find time to fulfil my promise to you. The letters of your correspondent, "Cambrin," have kept you posted during most of our sojourn in Dixie, but it may not be uninteresting to your readers to give them an account of our march from "Camp near Fort Ward"—where his last letter was dated—to this place.

On Friday, Sept. 12, we received orders to pack up, strike tents, and have everything ready to move in an hour, and about 11 a. m., the brigade filed out of camp and took the road leading towards Arlington Heights. About 2 p. m., we reached Fort Albany—opposite Washington, and about one mile from the long bridge—where we lay until dark, then moved up the river, crossed at the Georgetown viaduct, and encamped for the night at the head of 14th st., Washington. On Saturday, we received orders to dispose of everything in the shape of superfluous clothing. Accordingly, all, or nearly all, the dress coats, together with many blankets and overcoats, were packed and given in care of a gentleman living near camp. Shelter tents, one-half of one of which each man carries with him, and two days' rations, were furnished. In the afternoon we marched to the arsenal and exchanged our Austrian rifles for Springfield muskets. We got back to camp at about 8 p. m., and after cooking and eating our suppers, and receiving, each man, forty rounds of "black and ball" cartridge, we laid ourselves on the ground and slept.

By sunrise on Sunday morning we were en route for Frederick, Md., and after three days' hard marching, arrived, on Tuesday evening, at Monocacy Junction, three miles from Frederick. Here we saw, in the ruins of the splendid bridge that once spanned the Monocacy, the first evidence of Jackson's raid into Maryland. Here, too, we first heard of the surrender

of Harper's Ferry, and the next morning had the mortification to see some ten thousand of Miles' men who had been paroled pass by us on the road to Washington. Soon after, some twelve or thirteen hundred "graybacks" passed up the same road, and a harder, dirtier, and more independent looking set of wretches it would be impossible to imagine. We have seen plenty of them since, and they are all alike. The poorest beggar that walks the streets of our Northern cities would think himself disgraced by wearing the clothes that some of them have; and yet, in spite of this, and the half-starved condition in which they frequently are, they fight as well as our own troops.—Whatever opinion our soldiers may have had of the fighting qualities of the Rebels before meeting them in the field, they will now every man of them acknowledge that, be the cause they fight for as it may, they fight splendidly.

But to continue: We lay at Monocacy until 4 o'clock of Wednesday, when we took the road again, passing thro' Frederick and moving up the Hagerstown turnpike. About 10 p. m., we halted and cooked supper, and received twenty additional rounds of cartridge—then moved on until 8 next morning, when we halted for breakfast, two miles from Boonsboro. After breakfast we again pushed on, until, at 11 a. m., we reached the termination of our journey—the battle-ground of Antietam. Here we learned for the first time that the fight was over, and that we were too late to be entitled to any part in the honors of the dearly-bought victory of the day before.

The next day—Friday—we crossed the Antietam, and marching across the battle-field of Wednesday, formed in line of battle just above Sharpsburg. In the afternoon, we moved about a mile further, and encamped for the night. On Sunday, we came into our present camp, and have remained here ever since. How long we shall further stay it is impossible to tell. Marching orders may come at any moment, or they may be delayed for weeks. In the meantime, we are hard at work perfecting ourselves in company and battalion drill, four to five hours of each day being spent in this manner.

The majority of our company—Co. F—are in good health. Some few are unwell, but none seriously, and I think all will be able to do duty in a few days.

I will write again soon, and unless our movements in the future should be too much hurried, you may expect letters at least semi-occasionally. WALTHAM.

### The 125th Penna. Volunteers in the Battle of Antietam.

CAMP ON MARYLAND HEIGHTS,  
September 29, 1862.

Correspondence of The Alleghenian.

At daylight on Wednesday, 17th September, General Crawford ordered Col. Higgins to advance our regiment in close column through the fields to a piece of woods covering the enemy, who were firing briskly at the time. The movement was promptly made in part, when the order was given to fall back to the first position, throw out skirmishers, and advance cautiously through the woods with the entire regiment and deploy in line of battle on the opposite side. During this movement, the men were exposed to a terrific fire of musketry and shell, through which they gallantly pressed on, regardless of the death-dealing missiles which were cutting down their brave comrades, until the crest of the hill they were ordered to hold had been gained. At this moment, some Colonel (whose name I did not learn) rode up to Col. Higgins and told him his men were falling back for want of ammunition and asking him to come at once to his support. Col. Higgins immediately reported the fact to General Crawford, who ordered him to advance his regiment forthwith to the spot. The moment the command was given, the men moved forward with a yell, driving the enemy from his sheltered position, gaining full possession of the woods, and capturing a number of prisoners. Remaining here a short time, the regiment was ordered forward to support a battery. At this juncture, the gallant and lamented Mansfield fell, and was carried off the field by two men from Co. K, our regiment. The enemy ceased firing for a short time, excepting the sharpshooters, who were endeavoring to pick off our officers.

While the regiment was advancing, General Hooker rode up to Col. Higgins and inquired whether there were any troops in his front. The Colonel replied, "None but Rebels." During this conversation, the General's horse was shot by a sharpshooter. Col. Higgins remarked to him, "General, your horse is shot!" "So

I see!" was the cool reply, as the latter rode off.

In a short time another order was given to advance, which was executed in splendid style, we driving before us South Carolina and Georgia troops, whose wounded afterwards admitted they had never before been compelled to fall back. The regiment now halted on the outskirts of a strip of woods, into which the enemy had retreated, and Capt. M'Keage, of Co. G, was ordered to deploy his company as skirmishers. By this time the regiment had gained a position so as to be left without support, which was soon discovered by Col. Higgins, who bravely kept his position with his men. Dismounting, he gave his horse to Lieut. Higgins, of Co. B, with instructions to report his situation to the commanding General, and ask support in order to maintain his position.

Capt. M'Keage again deployed his skirmishers, and the whole regiment advanced to the top of a small hill, where the skirmishers were soon engaged with the advancing front of the enemy. The command was given the regiment to fire. A destructive and well-directed volley caused the enemy to halt, when an effort was made by him to flank our right while the brigade charged in front. At this critical period, the color-bearer, George N. Simpson, fell, shot through the head.

No support having yet arrived, the certainty of being surrounded by an overpowering force compelled us to fall back to the rear of the first line of batteries. While here, an artillery officer rode up, saying his battery was unsupported, and asking the regiment to come to his assistance, which was done immediately. After the regiment had taken position, General Franklin came dashing up, and inquired of Col. Higgins the number of his regiment. The reply was, "The 125th Pennsylvania Volunteers." The General returned, "Colonel, you are in the right place; I am glad you are here."

During the engagement in the afternoon, Adj't. R. M. Johnston, who was acting Major in the absence of Major Lawrence, in the hospital, fell mortally wounded. He conducted himself gallantly during the whole fight. He has since died, and been conveyed to his home in Williamsburg, Blair county, Pa. The officers and men of the entire regiment behaved with the utmost bravery, and are well deserving the praise of their superior officers. This has been tendered in an official order.

The total casualties in the regiment are as follows: Killed, 29; since died, 4; wounded, 113; missing, 4.

### Artemus Ward is Serenaded.

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordingly. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd like to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with an unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I accepted.

I wrote out my impromptu speech several days beforehand, being very careful to expunge all ingratiations and payin' particular attention to the punctuation. It was, if I may say it without egotism, a manly effort, but alas! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchen, speakin' my piece over so as to be perfect. "My bloom-in' young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summat by singin', 'Why do summer roses fade?'

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, 'because it's their biz! Let 'em fade!'

"Betsy," said I, pausin' in the middle of the room, and lettin' my eagle eye wander from the manuscript, "Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desire you to appear at the window, dressed in white, and wave a lily-white hankcher. D'ye hear?'

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin' hot water, and somebody will get scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get his share."

She referred to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me, I said nothin'.

The expected night cum. At 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footstep in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I stepped out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summat mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown up persons evidently under the influence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin' up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so, that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin'

wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced thus:

"Feller Citizens: For this unexpected honor—"

**Leader of the Band**—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git thro'?

To this painful and disgusting interruption I paid no attention.

"—for this unexpected honor, I thank you."

**Leader of the Band**—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows: "I say I thank you warmly—"

When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells—"

**Dr. Schwazey**—So do I!

**A voice**—We all do!

"—my heart swells—"

**A voice**—Three cheers for the swells.

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in a glorious career!"

**Dr. Schwazey**—I'm willin' for one to go on in a glorious career. Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?

"Dr. Schwazey," said I sternly, "you're drunk. You're disturbin' the meetin'."

**Dr. Schwazey**—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhyonossos on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band began to make hideous noises with their brass horns, and a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some vittles afore the concert broke up? I didn't exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin' it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day.—When this you see, remember me.

### Important General War Order.

Herewith we publish an important order, issued to his army by Major Gen. McClellan, with especial reference to the emancipation Proclamation. With true soldierly obedience to orders, Gen. McClellan tells his men that the military and naval forces are but the agents of the Constitutional, Civil and Executive authorities, and that this Proclamation, and all others regularly issued by the President, are not to be discussed, but implicitly obeyed. This order is doubtless the immediate result of President Lincoln's recent visit, and implies that there is a perfect understanding between the President and his Generals, and that henceforth we shall have a clear and well-defined policy in the conduct of the war.

### HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

NEAR SHARPSBURG, Oct. 7, 1862.

**General Order No. 163.**—The attention of the officers and soldiers of the army of the Potomac is called to General Order No. 139, War Department, Sept. 22d. A proclamation of such grave moment to the Nation, officially communicated to the army, affords to the General commanding an opportunity of defining specifically to the officers and soldiers under his command the relation borne by all persons in the military service of the United States toward the civil authorities of the Government.

The Constitution confides to the civil authorities legislative, judicial and executive, the power and duty of making, expounding and executing the Union laws. Armed forces are raised and supported simply to sustain the civil authorities, and are to be held in strict subordination thereto in all respects. This fundamental rule of our political system is essential to the security of our republican institutions, and should be thoroughly understood and observed by every soldier.

The principle upon which, and the objects for which armies shall be employed in suppressing the Rebellion must be determined and declared by the civil authorities, and the Chief Executive, who is charged with the administration of the national affairs, is the proper and only source through which the views and orders of the Government can be made known to the armies of the nation. Discussion by officers and soldiers concerning public measures determined upon and declared by the Government, when carried at all beyond the ordinary temperate and respectful expression of opinion, tend greatly to impair and destroy the discipline and efficiency of troops by substituting the spirit of political faction for that firm, steady, and earnest support of the authority of the Government which is the

highest duty of the American soldier.—

The remedy for political errors, if any are committed, is to be found only in the action of the people at the polls.

In thus calling the attention of this army to the true relation between the soldiers and the Government, the General Commanding merely adverts to an evil against which it has been thought advisable during our whole history to guard the armies of the Republic, and in so doing he will not be considered by any right-minded person as casting any reflection upon loyalty and good conduct, which have been so fully illustrated upon so many battle-fields. In carrying out all measures of public policy this army will, of course, be guided by the same rules of mercy and Christianity that have ever controlled its conduct towards the defenseless.

By command of Maj.-Gen. McClellan.

JAMES A. HARDEE,

Lieut.-Col., A. D. C., and A. A. G.

### The Late Battles.

**McClellan's Headquarters, Oct. 9.**—General Order No. 160, Headquarters army of the Potomac, Camp near Sharpsburg, Md., Oct. 31, 1862.—The Commanding General extends his congratulations to the army under his control for the victories achieved by their bravery at the passes of South Mountain and Antietam creek.—The brilliant conduct of Reno and Hooker's corps under Burdette at Turner's Gap, and of Franklin's corps, at Crampton's Pass, in which, in the face of an enemy strong in position and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the mountain and prepared the way for the advance of the army won for them the admiration of their brethren in arms in the memorable battle of Antietam. We defeated a numerous and powerful army of the enemy in an action desperately fought and remarkable for its duration and for the loss of life which attended it. The obstinate bravery of the troops of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner, the dashing gallantry of those of Franklin on the right, the steady valor of Burdette on the left, and the vigorous support of Porter and Pleasanton, presents a brilliant spectacle to our country which will swell their hearts with pride and exultation. Fourteen guns, thirty-nine stand of colors, fifteen thousand five hundred stand of arms, and nearly six thousand prisoners taken from the enemy, are evidence of the completeness of our triumph. A grateful country will thank this noble army for achievements which have rescued the loyal States of the East from the ravages of the invader, and have driven him from their borders.

### "THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER!"

We have at last found out the origin of this popular phrase, in the following scrap, clipped from an exchange, which is too good to keep: A friend of ours, who has been absent all winter, returning a few days since, called upon an estimable lady friend. He was surprised to find her confined to a sick bed. After the first salutations were over, our friend remarked: "Why, Mrs. —, I am very sorry to find you ill—what is the matter?" Quickly reaching over to the back of the bed, the invalid turned down the coverlid, disclosing a beautiful infant, wrapped in the embrace of the rosy god, at the same time triumphantly exclaiming—"That's what's the matter!"

### A NEAT SPEECH.

At the presentation of a pistol to a Connecticut corporal, the orator apostrophized as follows: "Corporal! My heart is full. These times try the souls of us all, as well as our pockets. My words were few, and to the purpose. Give them Jessie—and John Charles also. Say you will. Resolve that it is a big thing, and that you can see it. Shoot at it. Smite them hip and thigh, and pay no regard to campen or brickbats. But beware of Old Bourdon. Do your duty. John, keep out of drafts. Don't go off half cocked; and keep your pistol pointed from you." The Corporal, on receiving the weapon, was too much affected to make a formal reply, but promised that the pistol should speak for him.

### QUALIFICATIONS OF SHARPSHOOTERS.

Orders have been given that no person shall be mustered into the service of the United States as a member of the corps of sharpshooters unless he shall produce the certificate of some person duly authorized by the Governor of the State in which the company is raised, that he has, in five consecutive shots, at two hundred yards at rest, made a string not over twenty five inches, or the same string, off hand, at one hundred yards, the certificate to be written on the target used as the rest.

What fruit does a newly married couple resemble?—A green pear.